

FEBRUARY



PUR
PAR

PLE
ROT

VOLUME 19, NUMBER 5

20 CENTS



First Port of Call If You're Headed South

Before the first Frost struck here we were in California snooping around El Mirador. Palm Springs, Raquet Club; as a matter of fact we checked on every place with any reputation at all for attracting those men who are first to get into the new things. Whatever appealed to us as being just as sensible as it was smart you'll find in the Sun Spot now . . . sun and water fashions from the Riviera, Palm Beach, Palm Springs, and Honolulu.

Whether or not you're going down South during Spring vacation . . . drop up to our Sun-Spot shop on the Second floor and give us the once over . . . You'll get some new ideas for Summer dressing . . . a couple of ideas to get the jump on the boys this Spring . . . We'll be up there until sometime in February . . . be sure to drop in . . .

CARSON PIRIE
SCOTT & CO.

YOU SAID IT

Change of Mind

Dear Editors:

When I received my first edition of the PARROT I was really disappointed. The jokes were terrible and the stories did not interest me at all. The only things in it that were of any interest to me were the cover and shots taken of activities on the campus.

Since the first issue I have had opportunities to look over other college magazines. My attitude is now completely changed. I think the PARROT is absolutely tops. I find that the other magazines have nothing to offer in comparison with ours on the basis of pictures, editorial material, layouts or anything else.

Each month I look forward eagerly to the next issue. JACK AHLBERG '43

Ed. note: We invite any other interested readers to look over some exchanges.

Constructive Criticism

Dear Sir:

You know, if one could see all of one's face in a planograph picture one would be happy no end. However a bouquet to Bixby for his extensive coverage.

How about some humor in Bill Kimball's cartoons? His style is the best in the magazine and a touch of wit would make them interesting.

Will someone please explain why Politicosis is a steady feature of the PARROT? Its main purpose seems to me to be personal slams. If it would attack the system of politics rather than the people it might be of some use. To sum up my opinion—a lot of words for nothing.

Better pictures, some spice in Kimball's cartoons, and less Politicosis and I'll think the PARROT is the best college magazine in the country. RITA JUNE WILLIAMS

Ed. Note: Thanks for your suggestions.



Our Thought of the Month

COVER

Lovely Lois Emery, Kappa Alpha Theta, acknowledged queen of Northwestern's queens by virtue of her selection by Cecil B. DeMille as most beautiful in the annual Syllabus contest. Picture by Gano in Evanston.

A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted each month, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver Flavors. Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication.



Because Drusilla's breath was horrid
Men wouldn't even kiss her forehead.
But Pep-O-Mints so turned the tide
She gets more kisses than a bride.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

Tomorrow's
Forgotten Concern
Stopped Advertising
Last Week



KRUSE BROTHERS

527 Dempster Street — Evanston, Ill.

GREENleaf 1780

THINGS TO DO

Feb. 21—Russo-Finnish Movie presented by American Student Union.

Feb. 23—Willard Formal

Freshman women swing into the social world. 'Tis rumored that two-thirds of their dates are upper-classmen. There ought to be a lesson in all this . . . but we haven't the stamina to figure it out.

Feb. 23, 24, 25—St. Charles' Conference

St. Charles invaded. Membership chairmen relax and count noses. Conscientious N.U. ponders the woes of the world.

Feb. 24—Iowa game at home

Feb. 26—Game at Michigan

March 1—Second Semester Stomp

Saddle shoes, sweaters on backwards, anything goes!

March 2—Basketball at Wisconsin

March 4—Basketball at Iowa

March 6—N.U. Town Meeting

Speeches, food, discussions, sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A.

March 15—Interfraternity Ball

Definitely not inter-fraternity 'cause all God's chillun can come!

Remember the

Dilly?

Then look for the

**ORANGE
OSTRICH**

in the

March issue of the

PURPLE PARROT

PURPLE PARROT



NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY'S MAGAZINE OF COLLEGIATE LIFE

Volume 19

February, 1940

Number 5

A HAMMER AND



COFFIN PUBLICATION

In This Issue STORIES

JOE HAD INSOMNIA Dave Ekberg 6
In which it is incidentally shown that women are what General Sherman said war is.

RED VELVET Mildred LeVoy 11
A first date and an old love.

ARTICLES

TRADITION Portia McClain 9
Explaining such terms as "fast dance," "Dope Shop," and Rhinehart.

FEATURES

THE CLICHE EXPERT TESTIFIES ON COLLEGE 8
A la mode d' Sullivan.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAM Harry Boetcher 10
Shakespeare in stripes.

PICTURES

GRAPHIC NU'S Jim Bixby 14

CELEBRI—TEA 19

DEPARTMENTS

QUAECUMQUE SUNT VERA Phil Hillman 4

BIRD'S EYE VIEW 5

POLITICISIS 12

PARROTINGS 16

PETER PAUL PREVUES Chuck Lineberger 24

THE CLOTHES LINE Jean Bartelme 31

Staff

ED MALOTT, Editor-in-Chief

JEAN ARMS, Editor HARRY BOETCHER, Issue Editor DON WINGATE, Business Manager

DESK EDITORS—Harry Boetcher, Mary Ellen Sams, Portia McClain.

EDITORIAL BOARD—Literary: Harry Boetcher, Mary Ellen Sams, Portia McClain, Phil Hillman. Art Editor: Bob Cowan. Associate Art Editor: Frank Sayles. Fashion Editor: Jean Bartelme. Photography Editor: Jim Bixby.

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE: Bob Fuller, Harry Boetcher, Mary Ellen Sams, Mildred LeVoy, Dave Ekberg, Portia McClain, Jean Bartelme, Jeanne Devereaux, Betty Jahnke, Chuck Lineberger, Bob Franklin. Art: Roberta Shinn, Frank Sayles, Bill Kimball.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS—Jacqueline Powers, Doris Klein, Rosanne Smith, Tom Leahy, Mary Ruth Lalenser, Jean Harper, Carol Hood, George Clark. Exchanges: Bob Fuller.

BUSINESS BOARD—Circulation Manager: Frank Novak. Office Manager: Jane Smith. Promotion Manager: Mary Barrett. Advertising Manager: Bob Beisang.

PROMOTION STAFF—Don Mauer, Jack Dickinson, George Clark.

CIRCULATION STAFF—John Pence, Bob Aldrich, Roger Daly.

OFFICE STAFF—Betty Haynes, Mildred LeVoy, Ruth Black, Jean Weiss, Carla Howard, Betty Jahnke, Martha Hill, Miriam Raymer, Jack White, Lois Wessling, Betty Roulet, Shirley Motter, Joan Lee.

ADVERTISING STAFF—Alice Tucker, Jack Denninger, Loraine Spira, Virginia Vojcek, Don Mauer.

You wouldn't go fishing with a shotgun!

Of course not—you'd use
a hook and line



In advertising, too, you have to fit the weapon
to the game. To reach the all-important college
market—advertise in the

PURPLE PARROT

INTERSTATE GLASS HOUSE

LINCOLN AND TOUHY AVENUES

A SMART NORTH SHORE RESTAURANT . . .

. . . Heartily Endorsed by Discriminating Northwestern Collegians . . .

*Delicious Food Served at Student Prices . . . Dancing . . .
Ultra Modern Atmosphere . . . Distinctive Cocktail Bar*

Featuring

BILL BENNETT

"Nationally Known Organist"
with

FIFI—Song Stylist

ENTERTAINING NIGHTLY

From 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Except Monday

Ample Parking





"I just couldn't say 'no'—he had a CROSELEY!"

And we don't blame her a bit. It's irresistible, that new 1940 Crosley. But let's take a look at the lucky lad—and he IS a lucky lad because he has a girl who knows that with a Crosley two can live as cheaply as one.

Here's why:

45 miles on just one gallon of gas. Tank holds 4½ gallons, or enough for a couple of weeks' jaunting.

Two quarts of oil fills the crank case.

Then add to that its other features: full-size parts, comfort (it's really roomy inside, you know), convenience and a dozen more. Get the Parrot to demonstrate for you.

Only \$375; \$125 down and payments of \$17.62 at arranged intervals.

The Crosley Corporation

Evanston Dealer—Paul Cummins

NORTHWESTERN

Student **CO-OP** Association
Inc.

1726 Orrington Ave.
GREENleaf 2600

HILLMAN'S

Quaecumque Sunt Vera

After everything is said and done, it all depends on whether you burn the midnight oil or just consume it.

We see where this San Francisco doctor says that kissing is healthy because in the act enough heat is generated to kill certain germs. Just the same, I'll bet some of you guys finally learned this isn't just a health resort.

Here's something for duli Sunday afternoons—buy a can of crushed pineapple and try to fit the pieces together.

—Panther

To get rid of the Dole-drums?

We understand there were an awful lot of colds just before these finals. The second semester is even worse because everybody gets Spring fever. Especially us. Unlike colds, there is really nothing you can do when you get it. And we never do either.

Finals really were tough this time. Why, we have a really smart friend who flunked out of med. school. The trouble with him was he wrote his prescriptions so legibly ANYONE could read them.

The funny part of it is that ten years from now we'll nostalgically refer to the past sleepless period as part of the "good ol' days."

U. Theater to give romance tomorrow

—Daily N.

Thanks just the same, but we like to work for ours.

With all this election talk you can't tell a conservative Democrat that a third party can't win. According to him, it already has—twice.

"Here's Your Party," an original musical revue . . . will be produced as the 1940 Waa-Mu show."

—Daily N.

We trust it won't be the wrong number.

After everything has been said and done, we guess Adolf is the only real dictator in every sense of the word. He's the only one of the boys who isn't married.

Representative Hook has found out it doesn't pay to attack Congressman Dies. It just makes Martin see Red.

THE CO-OP "Sporting Goods Floor"

2ND SEMESTER SPECIALS

Plain White Nurmi Shirts

Reg. 50c

Special 3 for \$1

Northwestern Seal
Nurmi Shirts

Reg. 98c each

Special 79c 2 for \$1.49

Northwestern Seal
Sweat Shirts

Reg. \$1.25

SPECIAL 89c

"Everything for Sport"

THE
CO-OP
In the Orrington Hotel

We'll Give You the Kind of HAIRCUT You Want

MANICURE

CLASSIC
Barber Shop

Opposite Varsity Theatre

Application Pictures Are Important

We have just the one needed
to secure a good position—
right size—reasonably priced.

Eugene L. Ray

"N.U. Official Photographer"

1606 Chicago Ave.

UNI. 2238

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW



THIS BIRD has had no nourishment but bookworms for so long that it has decided to switch to butterflies, fly-by-nights, and jitterbugs for Lent. Food for thought is fine for Phi Betes, but this last five-course feast has given us acute indigestion.

* * *

Exams do things to people—psychological things. Life becomes a matter of impulse. Inhibitions get torn from their moorings, and all sorts of repressed desires come to the fore. That quiet fellow down the hall, immersed in the “The Romantic Poets” suddenly bellows forth the current dirtiest song . . . a sorority ten o'clock snack turns into a track meet, with chairs laid flat for hurdles, and the prize a peeled orange . . . one house holds a midnight “jacks” tournament, and the girls can hardly concentrate through the evening, they are so excited at the prospect of making “baskets” or “keepsies” . . . everything seems horribly funny, and you collapse in hysterics when your fagged roommate brushes his teeth with your shaving cream.

Clothes don't make any man—or woman either. One impressionable lad slunk back from the library and just moped. When a fraternity brother asked him sympathetically if it was a “D,” he replied, no, he'd just lost his tenderest illusions—he'd

seen his favorite campus queen looking pale-lipped, baggy-eyed, and straggly-haired. It was sort of like finding out about the Easter bunny.

Anything goes in clothes—as long as it meets in the middle. One repressed lad greeted his date in “tails” and a sweat shirt, just to give him a “lift.” She fooled him by appearing in shorts and wooden shoes. Then there was the lad who came running into his Econ C6 exam in full dress. He slid breathless and owl-eyed into his seat, and didn't say a word about the lipstick on his tie—and then again there are those who study for exams.

But now we're out of the “rut,” and back “in the groove.” The last few weeks have had their moments, but there were so many hours in between.

* * *

According to registration statistics, “Marriage” is not popular with N. U. students. And when class cards are sorted, it is classified as “Science, No. 1.” Simple truths from simple figures oft arise.

* * *

There's something sort of universal and appealing about human nature. We've thought so for a long time, but noticed it especially the other evening on the way home from the library. We were ambling down the walk from U. H. to Sheridan road, and a light snow was falling. It was our first snow, only a few hours old, yet on one side of the walk for its whole length was a slide worn shiny by many feet. Did we try it out? Need you ask?

* * *

Then there was the slightly confused young lady who signed up for “Inferior Decorating” at registration.

* * *

The grand meeting ground for the “Society of Campus Rubbernecks,” which includes you and you and you, has shifted slightly north. The former site, on the corner of Emerson

and Sheridan, has enjoyed continued popularity during its digging and riveting days, but further field work in this location is apt to result in a bad case of “painintheneckitis” for the honorary members. So the society has adjourned to recommence activities at the corner of Lincoln street and Sheridan road, with the construction of the new gym. Building operations are directed by the AUSE, Local No. 15 (Amalgamated Union of Sofa Engineers), located in an adjoining fraternity house. Let us hope the new site will be as successful in luring the ladies north, as the former was in gentlemen's attention.

* * *

Gallantry-is-not-dead dept.:

Two blue-bloods stand face to face in front of the “Rock.” They heel sharply and step off twenty paces. Two simultaneous turns and they fire—snowballs.

* * *

We're in favor of science and all that, but sometimes we suspect it of being facetious. Take the institution of the telephone for instance. The other night, Bob Cowan picked up the receiver and dialed Virginia Foster to talk about dance decorations—so he said. The conversation ensued thus:

“Hello, is Ginger there?”

“Why—just a moment. I'll call her.”

“Hi, Ginge?”

“Yess, hello.”

“How were your exams?”

“Exams? You mean those little quizzes I took last week? Oh, fine.”

“Quizzes, ha, ha! (Ginge is always kidding!) Sure, sure.”

—more of the same for a while. Then, finally,

“Are we all set on the dance decorations?”

“What dance decorations?”

“What dance—! (C'mon, Ginge, this has gone far enough—settle

Continued on page 22



A parable by
DAVE EKBERG
in which it is
shown that even
the near-great must
face defeat



JOE HAD INSOMNIA

Illustrated by Bob Cowan

JOE WAS QUITE AN ORDINARY MAN.

At least he *seemed* to be an ordinary man. Five days of the week, between the hours of 8:30 and 5:00, he kept records of licenses and fees in the county courthouse. On Saturday he did the same thing, but only until noon. On Sunday he sometimes went to church, sometimes told Martha (that was his wife) that he wasn't feeling well and that he thought God would excuse him if just this once he slept until noon.

That was a funny thing.

Sometimes Joe could sleep and sometimes he couldn't. His wife told him he had insomnia, though he had no difficulty sleeping late in the morning or sometimes over his desk in the office.

But then, Joe rationalized, it was his insomnia, after all, which had brought him his fame and he should be thankful to sleeplessness for that.

He might never have discovered his peculiar ability had it not been for the fact that he often lay awake in bed until 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. There, alongside the great bulk of Martha, in a silence which only the noisy alarm clock disturbed, Joe counted sheep. He read large scientific tomes, hoping that he might bore himself until he dozed off. He tried the relaxing method until he was so limp he couldn't sneeze under his own power. All methods and weak drugs were as water off the proverbial duck's proverbial back.

It was on one of these nights that Joe discovered that he could concentrate so effectively that he could move himself, without muscular aid, out of bed and remain suspended in air in the middle of the room. That same night, while Martha stolidly slept, he momentarily discovered that he could move *through* doors and even through solid walls.

It was merely a matter of concentration.

"Gee zooley!" he mentally exclaimed. "Wait till I tell the fellows about this. They won't believe it, but then all I'll have to do is concentrate and walk through a door.

"That'll show 'em," he said half aloud.

Joe had never had much faith in Christian Science

and mind-over-matter, but this was different. Just to prove it, he floated into the pink and blue dressing table and rested there awhile.

He wanted to waken Martha and show her, but then she wouldn't like to be bothered now, and besides she might not believe it, even when she *saw* him floating this way, half within and half outside the dressing table. Martha was very strong-willed and had definite ideas about what was possible. She'd just tell him to come to bed and act sensible . . . no . . . he wouldn't. He was having too much fun to act sensible.

Joe's trick proved very useful in the next few weeks, even though he kept it a secret. He had only to roll out of bed and to float down through the floor into the kitchen in order quietly to raid the refrigerator in the lonely early morning. And once, when he had forgotten his key to the office, he had merely walked through the door.

Joe had a bad habit, and this is where the plot thickens. He insisted upon drinking beer, despite a peculiarity which came upon him after only a few glasses. He would brag. He not merely bragged; he told tremendous whopping stories. And all his friends knew it.

And so, one day when the fellows had invited him out to Tony's during the lunch hour, and after he'd had 3 and $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ glasses of beer, Joe made the boast that he could disappear before their very eyes and in the space of time it took to wink an eye.

Being sporting gentlemen and knowing Joe's weakness, they had soon laid bets at the best odds they could get and put their four-bit pieces on the bar.

Whereupon Joe sank through the floor.

And discovered the wine cellar. There were a great many interesting things in that cellar, of which Joe took only note. And popped back to collect his four-bit pieces.

With a suspicious look at Tony, the bartender, and mumbling something about extortion, the fellows stalked out of the tavern. Here's where Joe's fortunes took a turn.

"Say, Joe," said the bartender. "Don't you never

mind them. I think maybe I got just the thing for you. All you have to do is just put on this act outside and tell people that you spend most of your time at Tony's."

Joe didn't look solaced, but he listened thoughtfully.

"Why, I could build an addition in a month and pay you fifty a month," Tony went on. "Maybe sixty."

This lit like a bomb. Fifty a month. Maybe sixty. That was ten or twenty dollars more than he made, and the whole thing was true. Everything Tony had said was true. He *could* become an entertainer . . . and maybe go on the stage. . . . He might even play at Minsky's.

This was better than clerking, and besides it was something like a profession and there was always the romance of the world of the stage and such things as the show having to go on. . . . Why, it was wonderful!

Joe floated contemptively out of the tavern and down the street, just above the heads of pedestrians. Circling around the soldier's and sailor's monument and halting traffic for six blocks on all sides, he soon headed north above Main street, still deep in thought.

Martha was dutifully darning socks when he dropped in on her.

"Guess what, Martha?" he said spryly.

"I've guessed it," she said.

"What?"

"You're fired," she answered and set down a patched sock.

"No, no, no . . ." Joe insisted. "I've got a great career ahead of me." Here he paused for effect. Then he popped it.

"I'm going on the stage."

He waited for Martha to respond, but she merely picked up another sock and thrust her large fist into it, looked for holes, then said, "That's nice, Joe."

"But I mean it," and with this Joe dissolved into the radio with only his head protruding from the vase of flowers on its shiny top.

"Neat trick," Martha agreed.

"It's only a matter of concentrating on it," Joe said modestly and shifted a little amid the dials and tubes.

"See if you can do it, Martha," he urged.

"Impossible," she said.

Martha *knew* it was impossible and anything that was impossible couldn't be done. She was sure of that. Martha was a very strong willed person.

Martha did, however, see possibilities in this trick, and without much ado she had made arrangements for

a vaudeville billing at the Lyceum. Martha was strong-willed and took over her husband's business affairs as effectively as she had always handled his cash.

That did it.

After one showing at the Lyceum the Associated Press and the United Press and the International News Service had flashed Joe's feat across the country. It blared from every loud speaker that night. The morning papers shouted it. Crowds surrounded his little house, waiting for a glimpse of his talent. The world stood at awe and people in every city from coast to coast gasped and marveled at this wonder of the modern age.

Press photographers and newsreelmen vied for good positions, but Martha, a shrewd business woman, charged them admissions at the front door.

She soon had her little charge signing movie and radio contracts, endorsing breakfast foods, cigarettes and mattresses. She hired a ghostwriter to do an autobiography for the highest bidding magazine and signed a contract to show at Madison Square Garden.

Things were going nicely.

They outshone the quintuplets on the front pages and colored ads of the nation. Such is success.

Though it didn't go to Joe's head. He was appreciative, for he gave Tony, the bartender, \$100,000 for having "discovered" him that day in the tavern. This story touched the hearts of Americans who read it, especially after it was learned that Tony had wept a little and said that Joe could always draw his own beers free from now on.

That touched Joe.

Amusement critics had their word to say. One wrote: ". . . he floats, he flies, he defies every law in the physics books, even the one which states that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time . . ." Still critics didn't seem to see the artist in him, but only the blimp in him.

Yet Joe was happy—supremely happy—perhaps never so happy as the night he received a telegram from the President of the United States—asking for a special performance. Martha, too, was happy and proud, for was not this her Joe?

The President of the United States had traveled down from his fishing lodge especially to see the performance, thinking that it might give him some ideas for his message to Congress, like a report on The State of the Nation.

Continued on page 22



GOOD AFTERNOON, Mr. Sullivan. I hadn't expected to see you in Evans-ton.

H'ya doin' Doc, old boy.

Q. Why, Mr. Sullivan, such gusto!

A. You're not just saying that, you're not lying, you're not just flapping your gums, chewing your tongue, clicking your teeth, rattling your bicuspid, clacking your molars. You're not woofing Wilbur.

Q. It would seem, Mr. Sullivan, that you're attending the University here.

A. Going to college, Mr. Johnson.

Q. Going to college. And you seem to have acquired some facility in the college vernacular. Would you mind answering a few questions? In the language of your people, what is that bit of green felt that you're wearing on top of your head?

A. A frosh beanie or a pot, or even the more general term of topper.

Q. Fine. Do all college freshmen wear them?

A. Of course not. Only fraternity men.

North Quads

Q. So you belong to a fraternity. Do you ever use any other term for the organization?

A. None at all.

Q. Come, now. There must be some other word.

A. Well, when the actives aren't around I might call it the club or the eating house or the bill collector.

Q. What about the term frat?

A. No, no! Mr. Johnson. They only use that in the high schools. We always say *fraternity*.

Q. Pardon me, Mr. Sullivan.

A. You're lucky nobody heard you.

Q. Then let us move to safer ground. I suppose you're studying quite hard these days?

A. I haven't cracked a book this semester.

Q. But can you do a semester's work in two weeks?

A. You bet. Then we really bang the books. It's black coffee and no dates. We beat our brains bloody.

Q. But what do you do for the rest of the semester?

A. Oh, bat around.

Q. Bat around?

A. Yeah. Hit the spots. Take in a cinema. Give the South Quads a treat. Twirl the skirts.

Q. What is the exact procedure?

A. Well, some fellow in the house

The CLICHÉ EXPERT

TESTIFIES ON COLLEGE

with apologies to
Frank Sullivan

has a date. He talks a brother into doubling so they can use his car, and the four go downtown.

Q. Downtown?

A. Down to the big city. Down to the suburb on the south. More often, though, the boys stag it—no femmes.

Q. Why not?

A. Too much dough. Usually after dinner in the evening some fellow yells, "I'm going out for a short beer. Who wants to come along?" He gets a few takers, and they drop in at one of the dives. Then they have three beers or two fingers in a washtub—It's a real rat race.

Goon Boys

Q. But, surely all college students don't live like that?

A. Oh, some of them study. They're dullards—in a rut—brain boys. They make Phi Bete, but they're missing half of their education.

Q. How so, Mr. Sullivan?

A. It isn't what you learn in books. It's the contacts that count.

Q. Quite right. You have to learn to get along with people.

A. Besides, why study when you can pass a course without it? Take my French course. That's a snap course if I ever saw one.

Q. How is that?

A. You can always ride through on a pony. Besides, the prof's a regular sucker.

Q. You mean that your professor isn't a brilliant man?

A. No, he knows his stuff. But he's a good Joe, see—a bully boy, a stout lad. And he falls for any excuse you hand him.

Q. That's a mixed metaphor.

A. That's all right. Nobody notices it. Anyhow, that fellow's so dumb that he even believes the one about bad eyes.

Q. But isn't that unethical? Isn't that what you call apple polishing, or—

A. Mr. Johnson, you catch on quick.

Q. Thanks, old man. But you haven't answered my question about ethics.

A. Well, after all, if you're smarter than the prof, what good can his course do you?

Q. I see. Now—

Rowdydow!

A. Wwwwheh!

Q. What was that?

A. I just said wwwwheh. I was whistling. Didn't you see that girl who just went by?

Q. You mean the one with the baggy sweater and saddle shoes?

A. That's right. Boy, there are plenty of queens on campus, but she's the queen of them all.

Q. She must be a very nice girl.

A. Nice? Well, maybe—but she's a snob. She won't look at a guy unless he's a B.M.O.C. Every time she goes out, she expects to go to the Drake.

Q. Why is that?

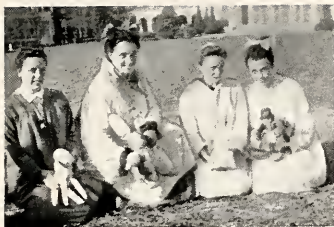
A. Well, all the gals here have more money than the men, and they all drive Packard roadsters. They may look like queens, but they sure act like 'em, too.

Q. I imagine, then, that she's a most disagreeable person to know.

A. No, don't get me wrong. She's a pretty good kid when you're on the in. And it pays to be seen with her. Why, she could have any fellow on campus! If you'll pardon me now I must be running along—she has my French assignment.

Q. Goodbye, Mr. Sullivan. Thank you very much for your cooperation.

A. Don't mention it, Doc. Any time at all. See you later.



"Goon Day" at Duke

TRADITION is deeply rooted in every college whether it be ten or two hundred years old. Just as custom had formulated Common Law, so custom has established certain precedents on the campus which have become unwritten tables of college law.

From a traditional Northwestern "Meet me at the rock" to a candle lighting ceremony in the spring, customs are as varied as the personalities of the students who originated them.

Utterly ridiculous or extremely charming and symbolic, tradition has a definite and widespread influence on the activities of every college student. Particularly in the East where institutions of learning have long been established, interesting and unusual customs are found.

When speaking of tradition, the true-blue Princetonian will immediately say, "The 'Nas' ". The "Nas" is the old Nassau Inn where Princeton men for countless generations have drowned past, present, and future woes in higher spirits. The original inn of Princeton, the Nas was built in the 1700's and has the real colonial atmosphere of heavy beams, old iron work, and huge fireplaces. Here the student body of Princeton gather for many a round of good fellowship and cheer. In

TRADITION

in the collegiate manner

the basement there is a room for seniors only. Each senior has his own pewter stein, and all of the steins are hung on little hooks along the rafters with numbers above them for the sake of pride and sanitary reasons. If a senior does not take his stein upon graduation, it is kept for him until he claims it. Contrary to all known rules, students are encouraged to carve their initials and class year in the heavy oak tables.

Not to be confused with Nassau Inn is Nassau Hall (the latter encourages higher learning, the former—higher leaning). Every year, the freshman attempt the high crime and misdemeanor of stealing the bell clapper from Nassau Hall. If the thieves are not caught within three days of the theft, they may keep the clapper to the honor and glory of their class who claim pieces of the clapper as souvenirs. If they are found out, however, woe to the bandits! They must either surrender the clapper plus anything they might have on them, or pay thirty dollars for it, still facing confiscation of personal belongings. Princeton freshmen take it in dinks and black ties. However, if the frosh football team beats Yale, the ties may be discarded immediately; otherwise they are

worn until Washington's birthday. Seniors lord it over all in exclusive beer jackets decorated with their numerals and a design adopted by the class.

Not even the students themselves know the origin of this bit of Dartmouth undergraduate whimsy which occurs every spring at Hanover. On a certain date early in the season, the seniors who possess clay pipes dash them to pieces on an old stump which has become a featured spot of the campus.

... Over the door to the Cornell Civil Engineering building, there is a light which is supposed to be turned on by the janitor in the evening. If a coed passes there after dark and the light isn't burning, she can assure herself wedding bells and bouquets by going in and lighting it.

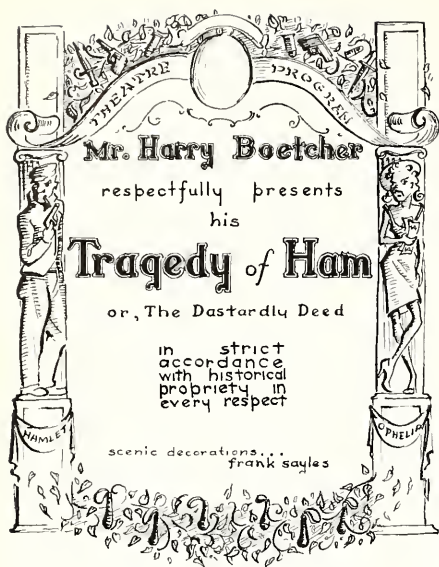
Cornell is noted for the Fall Creek Gorge which divides the campus. Across it is a 150-foot suspension bridge. The story goes that it was designed by a student engineer who never had the courage to walk across it after completion. Tradition notes that some desperate student always jumps off the bridge after exams in the spring. Strangely enough, this has happened for the last three

Continued on page 30

A pet N.U. tradition—the fall pajama race



by
portia
mcclain



"OKAY, BOYS, you can put away your hose. No need for that stuff this time. I was ready to talk before I came here. Ham told me it'd be safe to turn state's evidence. He wants this story to get out so that it'll clear his name. So call in your reporters, too, and let's make it a party.

"It's those murders up in the Dane's place you want to know about, isn't it? Well, listen, and I'll give you the whole story. It started a long time back. You remember a couple months back when the King got bumped off doing a job over in Norska's territory? You tried to put the hot seat under one of Norska's men for it, but his mouthpiece cleared him.

"Well, it seems this King has a son doing a stretch up in the reformatory at the time. He got paroled a couple days after his old man's death, and so when he came back to the Dane's he found it had changed hands. The Unc (Claude was his right name, I think) had taken the gang over and seemed to be doin' right well. The King's moll had started playing along with Unc, and everything seemed to be running smooth. Even Norska knew that this was no time to pick a fight, and had agreed to forget the King's last job.

"From the minute the kid turned

up, it looked like he wasn't wanted. The Unc didn't ship him any flowers, but we thought that was just a case of nerves, figuring the kid might want to muscle in on the bossin'. Gert, too, (the moll) might 've had some compunction about the way she was treatin' the King's memory, so we weren't too surprised that she was kind of nervous about the kid's return. But they didn't need to worry then.

"First The Unc stops the kid from helping on any jobs. Said there was no use breakin' parole. Instead he sent Larry, a chum of Ham's, for a light snatch, and the boy muffed it and was pulled in. Together with Polly the Lord, who was Larry's

father — a sneaking rat — The Unc decided not to fight the rap, and so Larry was sent off into the new, walless place up the river. That was a good thing, 'cause it made it easy for the Unc to pull him when he was needed.

"Then Polly decides that Ham's company isn't good enough for his kid, Felie. She seems pretty set on the kid, but lets the old man have his way. Ham, too, isn't in any mood for rod smokin', and so he lets things ride. He takes to drinking quite a bit, though, a lot more than usual. Starts usin' snow, too, and it looks like he's on the way down.

"Then he gets a nice mess of the D. T.'s. He told me about it afterward. Seems that in his ravin' he sees his old dad, yelling like hell that it was the Unc and that two-timin' Gert who had done him in. When the kid comes out of it, this sets him thinkin'. He lays off the stuff for a while, but lets everybody think he's snowed under. Makes it easier for him to look around that way.

"One day when the kid's in a show he gets a bright idea. Here's a good way to try the Unc out. So he watches the boards, and, sure enough, along comes one pretty soon which just fits his purpose. The

name is "Hamlet" and it's an old fashioned thing, but still it will do. So he gets Unc and Gert to go with him and, he's right! two reels ain't gone by when the Unc gets up and leaves. Says he's feelin' sick, and sure as hell looks it. So now Ham's pretty sure that the old D. T.'s give him the right dope.

"Now the Unc isn't growin' grass in the meantime. He knows the kid is wise, and appoints a couple of the boys, Rosie and Clink, to keep an eye on him. Ham isn't ready to give it to the Unc yet, though, and when he gets a good chance he lets it slip by. Pretty soon he is talkin' to Gert, and she bawls him out for the way he's been actin'. His nerves is jumpy anyhow, and he pulls a gat to emphasize his reply. Fearin' what was rightly comin' to her, she lets out a scream. Another scream comes from behind the curtain, so Ham dumps a clip into it hopin' it is the Unc. It isn't; it's only Polly the Lord. This seems too much for Ham's nerves so that he throws another fit and Gert is sure he's really blotto.

"From then on, things happen fast. The Unc sends Rosie and Clink to take Ham for a ride, but Ham gets away and the Angle's mob pushes light through the boys tailing him. Felie goes off her conk and is taken away to the booby hatch. Larry pulls a gander and comes back to get Ham for wipin' Polly. The Unc and him chew a cigar together, and they plan the execution. They agree to let him return easy, and when he's sleepin' to fill his gun with blanks. Then Larry is to pick a



fight, and everything will look like it's on the up.

"Everything starts out smooth. Larry calls Ham lily-livered, and pretty soon Ham's holdin' a smokin' rod. It doesn't talk as well as Larry's though, 'cause pretty soon Ham's pawin' air. Larry thinks he's

Continued on page 23

The winter formal
... and a lovely
lady in

RED Velvet

illustrated by roberta shinn

by mildred le voy

"Oh my," breathed Gwen with a sigh. "Oh my!" She stared at the telephone receiver which she still held in her hand and then carefully placed it back on the hook. "A formal!" she said, as though trying to listen to her own words as they echoed back at her from the phone-booth walls. Then she opened the door and hurried down the hall to her room. Not finding her roommate there, Gwen again went out into the hall and hurried down to the laundry where she found Lorraine sloshing the week's silk stockings in mountainous suds.

"Hi, Honey," chirped Lorraine between splashings and gurglings of the soapsuds. "Who was it?"

"Lorraine," gasped Gwen, breathlessly. "Lorraine, it was him. He . . . he . . . he asked me to his fraternity winter formal next Saturday night. Lorraine, he did!"

"Now wait a minute, Honey," said the practical Lorraine, dropping the stockings all back into the suds and shaking her wet hands in the air. "Just who is him? Which one of your secret passions?"

"Oh, you know," answered Gwen. "The one I met in *The Daily* office last week. The one that bought me the coke."

"You mean that one you raved about all Wednesday night? The one that heads the photography on the *Daily*?" asked Lorraine. "The cute one?"

"Yes, yes—the cute blond one that always has a camera."

"Well, for goodness sakes!" gasped Lorraine. "Little Gwenie, out of a clear sky, cops off a B.M.O.C.—what's his name, anyway?"

"Tom . . . Tom Remley," replied Gwen.

"Oh yes, yes . . . now I know who you mean. Gosh he must like you pretty well if he'd ask you to his

formal on the first date. Didn't he have his pin out er sumpin' last year? But tell me—what did he say?" Lorraine settled herself against the wash basin for the long account of her roomie's telephone conversation.

"Well," began Gwen, almost speechless from the unusual excitement in her generally uneventful existence and her desire to make her story as long as possible. "He said: 'Hello, is this Gwen?'—was I surprised!—I said: 'Yes, this is Gwen.' And he said: 'How are you?' and I said . . ."



"Gwen, you're beautiful"

"Oh, come to the point!" Lorraine almost shouted. "What did he say?"

"I'm telling you," replied Gwen. "But wait until I get to that part."

"Go on," moaned Lorraine.

"Well, he said: 'Our fraternity winter formal is going to be next Saturday night and I thought you might like to go with me,'" continued Gwen. "Lorraine, I couldn't believe my ears. Just think—go to his formal when I've never dated him. And he's a Senior." She dropped her arms to her sides and stared at her roommate with her eyes bright from excitement.

"That's wonderful, Gwen," said Lorraine, engulfing her roommate in a bear hug, and patting her affectionately. "I always knew you'd have your chance when I saw you sitting around here on Saturdays without a date. I'd just like to know how many other girls in the house are going to that formal—let alone, with any fellow half as nice as he is. Why, he's a B.M.O.C."

"What're you going to wear? Wan'na borrow my new white formal? I'm not going to use it that night."

"Oh Lorraine—that's sweet of you," said the demure Gwen, "but this time I'm going to buy a brand-new formal all especially for this occasion. Com'on, let's go look at my jewelry and decide what I should wear."

"Wait'll I finish these," called Lorraine after the figure of her roommate disappearing down the long hall. She hurriedly rinsed the bundle of stockings and drooped them over the drying racks.

* * *

In Atwell's exclusive department for coeds, Miss Betsy Palmer, the newest of the employees, pinned price tags on the latest shipment of

Continued on page 28

AS INDICATED last month, Politicosis this time will take up the problem of campus honoraries, which has within the last year become a potent one. It is the aim of Politicosis to present a clear picture of the situation, and some of the prevailing arguments pro and con. The reader is free to draw his own conclusions. The honoraries to be dealt with are the social ones as distinguished from scholastic (Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Eta Sigma, etc.).

For the men, there are Purple Key, Lynx, and Deru; sophomore, junior, and senior societies, respectively. The designation is rather arbitrary, however, for Purple Key elections are announced at the Interfraternity Sing in May, when the men elected have but another month

ing to consider cases such as the above; there is no opposition to such men as such, but when it comes down to the actual vote, it is the men from each house who receive the votes. A logical outgrowth is politics in the elections, and there is politics; it can't be avoided.

It has been argued against the honoraries that there is too much overlapping of membership. This should fall by its own weight. If Purple Key contains 25 of the class leaders, Lynx will obviously contain a fair percentage of them, and Deru at least a few. The Frankels, Trenbeths, and Buchanans can't and shouldn't be eliminated.

Purple Key elects 25 men, Lynx 20, and Deru 15. The method of Deru's election is democratic and hence according

to a useful function—a social one. Meetings are supposed to be held every two weeks at various fraternity houses in rotation. In this way, the organization serves as a sort of melting pot. It enables representatives of various fraternities to get together and exchange ideas and see what some of the other houses are like. It tends to break down strong fraternity individualism. Purple Key holds meetings regularly. Lynx, although it did meet every other week last spring, did not hold any meetings this fall until after Christmas, and then only because of the impending Junior Prom with the necessity of announcing new members. In fact, a couple of the members never attend meetings.

Lynx holds an initiation party in the winter and a picnic in the spring. It solicits contributions from fraternities and sororities for the erection of dedication stones along the Avenue of Elms every Memorial day and itself contributes to a fund now and then. All this in the space of about 4 months or 8 meet-

POLITICOSIS

of sophomore life left to them. Lynx names its new members at the Junior Prom at the beginning of the second semester of the junior year and Deru elections occur in the late spring so that only about two months elapse between Lynx elections and the election of some of the same men to Deru. Theoretically, each honorary is active until its successors are announced.

The position of these campus organizations came into prominence last spring when the Student Governing Board conducted an "investigation" of them (under its power of investigation—Politicosis—Dec. '39) and issued a decree declaring that Purple Key and Lynx were not honoraries and that Deru was the sole campus organization worthy of that title.

The investigation was started by Robert Clark, Pi K. A. senior, on the grounds that the societies were merely self-perpetuating bodies, membership in which merely gave one claim to efficient political backing, not any of the qualities which one usually associates with honoraries.

In both Purple Key and Lynx the members elect their successors. The general procedure is that two or three weeks before the announcements are to be made the members hold a meeting at which each one turns in the names of two or three men which he suggests for membership. The names are then checked with records in Lunt to determine their eligibility on the score of grades. Then at a subsequent meeting the list is narrowed down and at a last meeting the final selection is made.

Naturally, the candidates put up by each house are generally the most promising men in that house, and the aim of each house is to get as many men in as possible. Consequently independents and men from unrepresented houses do not stand as good a chance of securing membership. The bodies are surprisingly will-



ing to the SGB's ruling, it is the only true honorary on campus. Each spring, printed ballots bearing the name of every junior man are sent out to each man, and the voter checks his choices, numbering them from 1 to 15. Here the large independent vote is felt, and, provided there are any worthy independent men, they stand a good chance of election. However, looking at the class as a whole, it knows lamentably little about what individual members are doing and frequently the vote, especially the commuting portion of it, centers on the names which are most often seen and heard, and the majority of these are athletes. With all due justice to these members of the student body, many of them do nothing at all within the class, and it is a point for question whether these men should be elected to an honorary because of an activity for which they have already been honored with a major letter, when that is their only activity and their relation to the class extends no further.

To return to Lynx and Purple Key, granting that they honor the supposed leaders of the class, what then? Even if the men elected do not receive universal approval, the organization still performs

ings. Outside of that it remains dormant.

Deru has not yet had a meeting this year. It used to sponsor a campus activity now and then such as flooding the tennis courts for ice skating but even that has now passed on. Furthermore, old members of an organization are out upon the election of the new group. None of them ever attend subsequent meetings or parties. The function of a true organization of this sort, it would appear, should be continuous and would further a democratic spirit and break down class barriers. As honoraries Lynx and Deru perform the useful function of providing another key or ring to Northwestern's prolific charm system; as social honoraries they are a distinct failure.

The organizations on campus need either a potent shot of idealism and altruism which is extremely unlikely, or a revised type of organization. For instance, instead of being self-perpetuating, a faculty body including the advisors of various campus activities and the men's counselors might do the electing, perhaps with suggestions from the retiring

Continued on page 27



If it weren't for this little man and his machine, we might not be able to make our classes on snowy days. God... Bless him.



The Milkman comes to our house every single day, c. But this was one day he got stuck.



It must be a habit... People certainly weren't standing around for pleasure or even for dear old tradition's sake in weather like this.

G R A P H I C N U S



This marks the official end of the football season. Jimmy Dorsey supplants the Fighting Illini.



Prevues of Coming Attractions.

Jean Baribou braves the ice and snow... and apparently just to go to classes. Now if it were for Jackson...





Beverly Soffman, Pi Beta Phi, wearing a
matching hat and bag of multi-colored
taffeta. \$7.95 the set. Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

*Under Twenty

and in the mood for everything from the Yodelin' Jive to an eight o'clock.(?) Kappa Marge Reimers' jersey with the bold bright belt is just 15.00. Eleanor Linthicum, Alpha Phi, mixes her own: Cardigan jacket, 10.95; flannel skirt, 6.95; sweater, with turban, 4.50.

*Dress, The Younger Set Shop
Jacket, Skirt, Sweater, Casual Clothes
Fourth Floor*



CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

PARROTINGS

Set-ups and Break-ups

Maybe it was exams that put everybody in a bad humor or maybe it was the weather, but while prowling on campus the Prowler found more breakups than set-ups. However, it was apparently just a preparation for better things to come because those beautiful lacy hearts and commercialized telegrams were certainly not neglected. That "off with the old and on with the new" policy holds true even after New Year's.

In spite of last month's build-up and the approval and backslapping of the brothers and sisters, Chase Fannon (ΦΚΨ) and Betty Heich (ΓΦΒ) are no longer making a go of it.

Here is the mystery of the month, one that George Eddy (ΦΓΔ) has been trying his sleuthing on, anyway; but he admits himself completely baffled. How can "Dan" McCumber (ΔΓ) be in so many places at one time?

Have you heard about those three horsemen of the S.A.E. house and Barbara Varty (ΔΦ)? She's playing it pretty cagey but we wonder where that D.K.E. pin from Chicago is these days.

Jack Ryan (ΦΔΘ) is doing an awful lot of experimenting in the Kappa house to find out which . . . shall we say "name"? . . . he likes the better, Ardene or Nadine.

Through some mutual agreement or disagreement with Pat King (ΠΒΦ), Parker Fielder, (ΔΥ) is bearing his well-worn pin again.

We strongly suspect that this is not something new, but Alice Hanson (ΠΒΦ) is wearing Bud Pfister's ΣΧ pin right out for everybody, even the family, to see.

It looks as though Conchita Sutton (ΑΧΩ) has given up her fickle fancies and decided to be one of the faithful type. She now has Dick Piel's ΦΨ pin chained to her own.

Jerry Zehr (ΦΔΘ) is certainly the consistent type. We don't mean to one girl but to one house. Do you suppose he knows anybody but Pi Phi's?

In spite of the fact that Jo Taylor (ΚΑΘ) dates Norm Carlson (ΦΓΔ) quite a bit, she doesn't close her eyes to the Phi Deltis.

Two strikes doesn't mean out for Bud Henkel (ΒΘΠ). He is again hitting his stride with Ginny Quade (ΓΒΒ).

After that last break-up, Charlotte Gross (ΑΘΠ) has seen the virtue in steadying down a little. At least she thinks that Sigma Nu is very nice and he certainly is constant.

Another couple that seems to be doing rather well this season is the Bob Beisang (ΦΓΔ) and Lois Emery (ΚΑΘ) twosome. Not quite steady, but almost.

Here is a pinning that surprises no one,

except that it has held off so long. Katz Wenter (ΚΚΓ) has Gibb McIntosh's Sigma Chi cross.

Now that Janet Stoltz (ΚΑΘ) no longer has Johnny Rehman's ΦΚΣ pin, he doesn't seem to want it either. At least he's trying to persuade Betty Kepler (ΑΧΩ) to wear it, they say.

Ruth Bates (ΑΘΠ) is now open for calls etc., once again. She no longer has that Beta pin from Chicago and we suspect that there is one in particular who will be glad to know it.

Machine-gun McGurn (ΦΓΔ) is really going social in a big way, isn't he? All those lucky girls!

One very surprised boy was Jack Jerstad (ΔΥ) when Jean Stocks (ΔΥ) returned from her exam "rest" at home with a Wabash Beta pin.

After a long high school career of being "just friends," it took a bit of college life to make Harry Hamm (ΣΧ) and Jane Frederickson (ΑΧΩ) pledge really appreciate each other.

Jane Norris (ΔΔΔ) has certainly been seeing an unusual amount of Clyde Monaghan (ΦΓΔ). Anything serious?

The boys are all asking P. J. Soper (ΑΔΦ) who that blond was they saw him with last night.

Bob Yonkman (ΦΔΘ) found just what

he was looking for in the Pi Phi transfer, Lorraine Kindred. So she now is wearing his sword and shield.

One of those Prowler predictions is that that constant twosome of Ray Bixby (ΣΔΕ) and Charlotte Colvin (ΓΦΒ) will become even more constant.

Another Gamma Phi-S.A.E. combination that is still going on at quite a pace is that of Jean Brier (the Hula dancer) and Frank Noetting.

Do you suppose Bob Buchanan (ΒΘΠ) knows his own mind? The latest thing seems to be Nini Cary (ΚΚΓ) but you never know whether "latest" means past or present.

How long will Grace Weber (ΔΥ) hold out against Bob Nickel (last year's ΑΔΦ president) and his pin-hanging designs? Think of those long trips down from Appleton, Wisconsin, Gracie.

The Gamma Phis have lost a pledge, Nancy Earnest, to the great institution of marriage.

Marge Christophersen (ΚΑΘ) seems to be getting along pretty well, with the exception of a few battles, with Dave Ringwalt (ΦΚΨ).

Gordon Fairman (ΦΔΘ) has been spending lots of time these days with Mary Jane Herrmann (ΚΚΓ) pledge. It has nothing whatsoever to do with Timmy, either.

After just hanging that Phi Psi pin, Bob Bailey has it back from Anne Abel. What's the trouble, Bob?

Here is another couple that has been seeing and seen an awful lot—Betty Norris (ΚΑΘ) and Lowell Snorf (ΦΔΘ) transfer).

As was almost generally expected, Betty Wernle (ΑΦ) and Bob Lash (ΦΔΘ) have decided to travel entirely different routes.



"I bet I'm forgetting something"



Miss America
CHESTERFIELD'S VALENTINE GIRL
Patricia Donnelly of Detroit

*A Pocketful
of Pleasure*

CHESTERFIELD

The real reason why Chesterfields are in more pockets every day is because Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos gives you a better smoke... definitely milder, cooler and better-tasting. *You can't buy a better cigarette.*

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELD

They Satisfy

**Under Twenty, too!*
Chipper checks and jersey, two reasons
why suit shopping at Carson's takes on
the glamour of a real treasure hunt!
Gamma Phi's Peggy King wears our
"Pretty Pockets" jersey, 12.95. And Pi
Phi Shirley James elects "Chipper," 17.95.

*Jersey Suit, The Younger Set Shop
Checked Suit, Casual Clothes
Fourth Floor*



CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.



*Sally McAndrews, Gamma Phi Beta
in a black straw bonnet trimmed with
spring flowers.
\$5.00 Carson Pirie Scott & Co.*



CELEBRI - - TEA

The Syllabus Contenders gather at the Phi Delta Theta House for a spot of tea and a chat with Jimmy Dorsey . . . above, left to right: Margery Goodman, Joan Reydman, Betty Taggart, Marion Nelson, Mary Snapp, and Betty Bigelow.



Reading from down to up: Jean Estabroake, Faith Wakelee, Betty Jahnke, and Portia McClain.



A cozy shot of Jimmy and some of the "girls." Norma Jordan, Lois Emery, Jimmy Dorsey, Bonnie May, and Jane Love.



Jimmy looks over one of Ed Barrett's compositions, "Am I Dreaming?" Barrett is a Sigma Chi pledge.



She isn't, but she easily could be . . . a contender for the crown. Helen O'Connell, who sings with Mr. Dorsey's band, playing hostess.

The success story of Arthur Brown or how Arthur made his mark



When Arthur Brown was 17 years old his father gave him a necktie for his birthday . . . just three days before he entered N.U.

Now this was a very unusual tie and his father (a man of judgment realizing that Arthur was entering a new and important phase of his life) paid considerable for it, and it was one of the Men's Store's Ancient Madder Foulards.

It was soft toned, and the rich colors were dusty, and all in all it was a *very* smart looking tie for a brash Freshman to be wearing around the campus.

So, when he was standing around at registration, and the rushing chairman of the best fraternity (also president) saw his tie, he immediately asked Arthur over for lunch, supper, and breakfast the following morning . . . in fact hotboxed him just before lunch the next day . . . just so that he could borrow the tie for a very important date with last year's Syllabus Queen that very night.

Well, it so happened, the rushing chairman (also president) hung his pin. And immediately took Arthur under his wing, because he would need to be borrowing the tie again. And it was no time at all before Arthur was on this committee and that committee, and was steam-rolled into the Class presidency, and was probably the most important Freshman on the campus.

So Arthur made his mark . . . he also got into the habit of wearing smart ties . . . a trick he carried through life . . . and you wouldn't be the least bit surprised (would you?) to find Arthur an important Tycoon today, which he is.

**INCIDENTALLY THE ANCIENT MADDER FOULARD TIE WHICH
STARTED ARTHUR OFF CAN BE DUPLICATED TODAY IN THE
MEN'S STORE FOR \$2.50**

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & Co.

Parroteers



PRESENTING Mary Ellen Sams, Delta Gamma sophomore, member of the PARROT editorial board and humorist de luxe. Co-author of the recent PARROT comedy *The Chinaman's Chance* and producer of the late *We Who Are About to Die*, she is one of the PARROT's leading feature writers.

Aside from majoring in English, "Sammy" ventures into the field of water-color painting, freehand sketching, and the art of collecting B. Goodman records. Spends summers swimming in north-woods lakes of Wisconsin. It is banded about in social circles that she is a proverbial "life of the party"—with accessories.

Future (no, we don't think she's married *now*) husband will probably spend his life eating hamburgers—with relish, please—and chocolate ice cream cones, a typical menu a la Sams. Special delights for her odd moments of madness consist of walking barefoot on plush rugs, designing inane PARROT layouts, and playing solitaire with the "Squire," a Bismarckian hangover from the "Love on the Run" era.

Christopher Morley and Kenneth Roberts are on the top in Sammy's book list, while Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant co-star for acting honors.

Sammy looks to a future in advertising and is good material in the PARROT realm.

Bird's Eye View

Continued from page 5

down!) Why for the little affair coming off this Saturday.

"Whom did you wish to speak to?"

"——!"

The little lady on the other phone turned out to be Virginia, "Gidge" Noyes, '39, well able to handle such a situation and also busy with some tests where she works. The little episode has occurred before, though she didn't state if any new dates ever came of it. On second thought, science presents some very interesting possibilities!

* * *

Life-is-like-that dept.:

Last fall, the Syllabus big-wigs called a grand council and solemnly proclaimed: "This year, the queen contest will be absolutely free of politics. We'll have no disgruntled customers. The decision will be made off campus, and far-far away." De Mille in Hollywood was the answer. Away went the contestants' pictures to be judged, and the Syllabus "powers-that-be" folded their collective hands across their collective tummies, and sighed, "Ah, not a worry, not a care! De Mille will wire us the secret decision, which we can announce at the Prom with a flourish, and all will be serene."

But life isn't like that. Fate intervened, and a well-known movie columnist "scooped" the story. Consternation, flashing of telegraph wires, endless discussions and explanations kept the Syllabus office in Lunt humming and sorority girls buzzing. Now the Syllabus big-wigs run collective hands through collective ruffled hair, and mutter, "Progress, phooey!"



"I have a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much has he?"

Literary Girl: "What does he read?"

Society Girl: "Who are his family?"

Religious Girl: "What church does he attend?"

Sorority Girl: "Where is he?"

—Sundial

Joe Had Insomnia

Continued from page 7

Came the night of nights and Joe was never in better form. Tickets were selling for hundreds of dollars by scalpers.

Even Sistie and Buzzie had come for the great event, a special performance of the new marvel of the modern world.

The curtain was about to go up.

The great moment had come.

Joe, standing in the wings, turned to Martha and said, "Wish me luck, honey. Do you realize that the President of the United States and Sistie and Buzzie and everybody are out there."

"Yes," Martha marveled. "Isn't it wonderful? Of course it isn't possible for you to do this sort of thing. Nobody can just float through walls and sink through floors."

Martha was a very strong-willed woman and nothing impossible was possible. She knew that. "Nobody can do it—of course, they can't. But it *does* make money," she added.

The curtain was parting and a magnificent fanfare greeted Joe as he stumbled out onto the stage. "It can't be done . . . it can't be done . . . it can't be done," echoed through Joe's mind as he stumbled out. His wife's words sounded a little like the knell of doom to him, but the roar of applause which greeted him made him smile wanly and clasp his hands over his head. It could be done, he thought. "It can't be done, it can't be done," came to him again.

And so Joe tossed himself lightly into the air, trying to concentrate on this business of floating. Not that it was impossible to do that sort of thing, because he'd done it all before.

But he lit flat on the floor.

It was no use. Try as he might, for the President, for Sistie and Buzzie, for the people who had paid hundreds of dollars for their seats, he simply could not do the simplest thing. He couldn't walk through a wall or a curtain or float over the heads of the crowd or disappear through the roof.

He retired humbly to the curtains.

There isn't much left to this story. Joe's career soon became a thing of the past, and though he had saved a sizeable sum from his meteoric public life, yet he went back to the

courthouse and took up his humdrum life again. There was no hope for a come-back. He had lost his faith and without it there was no hope.

"There is no hope," he often told himself.

The whole incident had had one happy aspect, however. He was no longer troubled with insomnia. He slept as solidly as he had not slept since he was a boy.

Martha's was a different case. She worried and fretted so much that she forgot to bicker and boss her husband. Martha worried about her husband's failure and she told herself that she had been responsible.

"You were responsible," she told herself.

Things went from bad to worse



with Martha and she began to curse herself for deriding the possibility of floating through the air. Concentrating, she thought. Faith, she thought.

Joe couldn't remember how or why he woke at that particular instant. He must have been having a nightmare, but as he opened his eyes he saw the tip-end of Martha's nightgown and then her bare feet disappear into the ceiling.

It startled him a bit. He rose up in bed and called out, "Martha . . ."

But she didn't answer.

"Martha," he called again, and putting his feet into his slippers he bounded over to the moon-filled window. He was just in time to see Martha float up toward a large moon-streaked cloud and noiselessly disappear into it.

There was a great deal of turmoil

the next day, and later there were coroner's verdicts and testimony of neighbors who thought she had been eaten up with hydrochloric acid and washed down the drain.

Joe didn't worry a lot, though. He knew it was possible to float and after a while he was absolved of all responsibility.



Tragedy of Ham—

Continued from page 10

made good, and turns to leave. He's wrong; Ham's only been winged, and in a minute he's on Larry's back. There's some fumblin' with Larry's gun, and pretty soon it barks again and Larry's gone. Gert, who is standing near, grabs a glass of beer and drinks to Ham's victory. That's her end, 'cause it's beer that the Unc has poisoned for Ham in case Larry doesn't make out. So while she's strangling and Larry spittin' blood, they tell Ham that it's all the Unc's doin'. He finishes the clip on the Unc, and one by one they drop off. Ham lasts longest of them all. I'm afraid you bulls are going to blame me for this affair and I'm ready to drink up the rest of that beer to save me from the hot seat, but Ham won't let me. He tells me to come clean, and all will be jake.

"So here I am. The mob? Oh, Norska took them over. He's a smart one. But what I want to know is, what's happenin' to me?"

What was it?

- Murder?
- Suicide?
- Arson?
- Love?

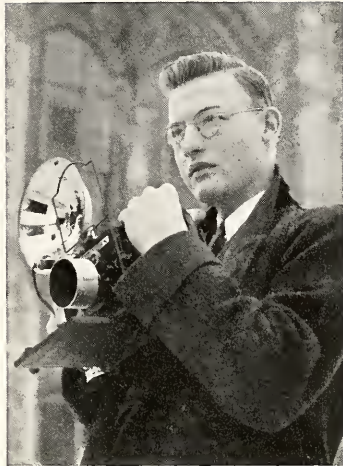
Who did it?

- The butler?
- The mother-in-law?
- Thad Snell?

See Next Month's

PHOTOCRIME!

Parroteers



A WALKING CAMERA . . . Jim Bixby, our happy little picture man. His hobby is photography; he wants to be a photographer when he gets big, his favorite book is *Press Photography* by Kinkaid and when he isn't reading how to be a better photographer, he's out making pictures (incidentally quote one doesn't take pictures; one *makes* pictures).

Bix isn't exactly the typical college freshman. He has no interest in women, which we didn't believe until he pointed out that he had had exactly three dates since he was a Freshman in High School. He loves to watch couples dance, but he doesn't dance himself.

Bix is the conservative type: likes to play bridge, drive a car, but slowly, and listen to concert music . . . but he seems to have a little fun on the side, too. He's met Lily Pons (they talked about her size one-and-one-half shoes), Edouard Benes (ex-president of ex-Czechoslovakia) Jimmy Dorsey, and Dave Ekberg. He is the Evanston representative of Northwestern University for the Chicago Tribune.

He is about 5'11", a blue-eyed blonde and in danger of becoming definitely droop-shouldered on the left side from carrying his "speed-graphic-standardized-newspaper-equipment." He's inclined to be temperamental over the telephone. A conscientious worker, Bix is likely to go far . . . he and his camera.

RICCARDO'S

"The Artist's Mecca"



Play "Boccie"—it's new and different!

Eat spaghetti the Italian way—

Listen to the inexhaustible repertoire of "RIC" and the Troubadours.

437 North Rush Street
DELaWare 0485

**Something new
and tricky!!**

**Send your voice home
on a celluloid disc . . .**

Record-O-Gram
25c



**Treat Yourself
to the**

Best Food

at Reasonable Prices

PETER PAUL

by chuck lineberger

ONE MIGHT THINK that after four hours of warming a chair in a Chicago theatre, seeing the "come early!-all-seats-reserved" screen production of a famous book, Peter Paul Parrot would not be much in the mood for the selected-short-subjects of the entertainment world. However, knowing Pete as we do and realizing his boundless capacity for seeing "spots" before his eyes, we could understand the choice results in the way of night club information that he dug up. Squeezing our way into his Crosley Club Coupe, we headed for the land of make-believe, neon signs, bars, both musical and otherwise, and the solid notes of the G-string.

On Location

A spot that has undergone a complete facial is the modern LIME-

HOUSE on Howard St., under Benjamin Joe's managerial genius. At present Emil Van Toff and his orchestra provide the syncopation, aided by a sparkling floor-show. No cover, no minimum—a good dinner can be obtained for 75 cents. And there's an attractive cocktail bar to keep you busy between courses.



For an enjoyable evening or an after-theatre party, Peter Paul suggests the popular DEL SHORE, country club cafe on Dempster just west of McCormick. Everything about this spot is strictly in the modern manner, to the extent that one wonders "how come" a cafe of this class north of the Loop, operating at such moderate prices. The answer is easily found in manager Emil Dohl, who is constantly on the alert to import

THE DEL SHORE

Emil Dohl Presents

*The Country Club Cafe With a Downtown Atmosphere
Dempster St. Just West of McCormick Rd.*

DINE

Anything from a Hamburger Sandwich to an Excellent Full Course Dinner Prepared by the Finest of Chefs.

**DINNER SNACKS
LATE SUPPER**

**Wednesday, March 27th
and Every Wednesday
Thereafter We Will Run
Jitterbug Contests**

CASH PRIZES

See Emil or Jerry About Entry

NO COVER

DANCE

to
THE SWING KINGS

with
JERRY POTTER

At the Piano
A SOLID BAND

**Beginning Friday, March
29th, We Will Resume Our
Popular Amateur
Contest Sessions**

NO MINIMUM

REVUES



the best of everything into this neck of the woods for your enjoyment. Bringing "The Swing Kings" here for your dancing pleasure was his biggest coup.

This unit, unless Pete misses his guess, is really a triple-threat on the name band horizon. The excellent food, music, management and surroundings of the DEL SHORE add up to four stars or four bells, depending upon how you count the King's English.

RICCARDO'S north of the river on Rush Street offers a colorful Bohemian atmosphere plus all the trimmings. The romantic "Troubadors" provide the musical digestive aid—but certainly not because it is necessary, as genial "Ric's Italian food" is of the best. A distinctive feature of RICCARDO'S is the fascinating game of "Boccie," a version of bowling. Descended from the old Scot-

tish (at least Pete *thinks* it's Scotch) game of "curling," it uses small bowling balls instead of the original heavy iron discs.

Pete sagely suggests that for the occasion when you have only a few minutes to spare and want a change of atmosphere as well as a palate-pleaser, DeMetre's in Wilmette is the spot. Their barbecues have been famous as long as Pete can remember, but they're always delicious. Oh, yes, and try some extra-rich hot chocolate to go with them.

Just out west at Lincoln and Touhy is the INTERSTATE GLASS HOUSE, a rendezvous with an original atmosphere. One of its feature attractions these days is Bill Bennett, popular organist, who'll play anything you request. Accompanying Bill is Fifi, a charming vocalist who also entertains with her dancing. Pete managed to

Continued on next page



Emil Van Toff
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

—
**SPARKLING
FLOOR SHOW**

—
**SMART
COCKTAIL BAR**

—
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM

BENJAMIN JOE'S
LIMEHOUSE
1561 HOWARD ST.
BRlrgate 0364 East of the "L"

Malinese room

PLINER and EARLES' ORCHESTRA

Songs by... **GLORIA HART**

FEATURING SOPHISTICATED ENTERTAINMENT
DURING DINNER AND SUPPER
AMERICA'S ONLY COPPER
DANCE FLOOR

DANCING NIGHTLY
NO COVER CHARGE
NO MINIMUM

**LUNCHEON
DINNER • SUPPER
Served Daily**

The Blackstone

Breakfast

19c

27c

28c

31c

and a la carte

ROBIN HOOD'S BARN

1623 Chicago Ave.
EVANSTON

BE SURE to STOP at the VILLA DE METRE

*"Northwestern's
Rendezvous"*

It's the place to go

- After School
- The Theatre
- The Formal

Enjoy an afternoon snack in the Spanish atmosphere of this beautiful villa. Try its delicious harbeened chicken and hamburgers.

•
**I'LL
MEET YOU
AT
DE METRE'S**

**1657 Sheridan Road
WILMETTE, ILLINOIS**

Peter Paul Prevues

Continued from page 25

wheelde his current favorite, "Bala-laika" out of them three times during the course of his dinner.

It is also interesting to note that the CLUB SILHOUETTE, which got so hot it burned down a few years ago is "tops" again, and offers an entirely new arrangement, plus the usual good prices.

Pete likes the organ in THE SHIP, not to mention the discreet musical technique of the organist, and he applauds heartily the piano-playing sailor or who can play anything, classical or popular, at your request.

Joe Shikany, graduate of Northwestern's speech school and proprietor of THE HUT, is only too glad to sit down and pass the time of day with you while you enjoy his food. Joe recently installed a "Record-O-Gram" which will put your voice on celluloid for two-bits. Something new in the usual run of slot-machines, this should go over big with the girl friend or your forgotten parents. The pictures of N. U. football players and beautiful women surround you on the walls and compare favorably with any Picasso exhibit. The place where old friends meet and new friends gather, THE HUT, is always a good bet for a snack, a full meal, or a coke date.

We like to eat, too, at ROBIN HOOD'S BARN on Chicago Avenue, just recently opened and doing a huge business to lovers of Sherwood Tales and all others just plain hungry. The food is served quickly and efficiently, and is of highest quality, not to mention its being reasonable in price. Peter Paul dared attempt a "Dagwood Special" (served by request), seven layers, inches thick, and "defying description," as the menu reads. An excellent place for those who like to eat quantity as well as quality, and pleasant surroundings for those who wish the axiomatic "coke."

For the Smoother Eyes

Let's scan the present display at the EMPIRE ROOM of the Palmer House. Bonnie Baker, now star in her own right, has broken all attendance records in this beautiful room — not to mention the excellent rhythms of Orrin Tucker, plus a scintillating floor show. It's really worth the price of admission to see this highly entertaining extra-

ganza. Be sure to drop in before it's too late!

The management at the GOLD COAST ROOM at the Drake informs us that there will be no more of this lovely spot. They have shut down the entire affair and will not open it again—over which Pete sheds a bitter tear.

However, come June 1st, another room will open, somewhat smaller



Oh, Johnny!

but in the typical Drake top-flight style. So, until then, the Drake is still holding forth with its famous CAPE COD bar.

A copper dance floor, "The Four Californians," and songs by Roberta, are features of the BALINESE ROOM of the Blackstone Hotel. Here, sophisticated entertainment during dinner and supper every night is the forte. There is no minimum and no cover charge, fellows. Dishes are served up in a tempting and savory manner. The BALINESE ROOM is Peter's best bet for a smooth, sophisticated evening in the not too far distant future.

THE BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT is featuring Ozzie Nelson, his orchestra and a myriad of entertainers in a new floor revue. Roseanne Stevens is warbling with Ozzie, and is a sight for well eyes—weak one's couldn't take it!

The JUNIOR PROM is past. . . . Pete thinks we owe a vote of hearty thanks to the Prom Committee for their expert handling of this major social N. U. affair.

**Bring Your
Films to Us to
Be Developed
and Printed**



EVANSTON PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE
1854 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Phone GR 2-8871



Sign in library: Only low talk permitted here.—*Pitt Panther*

Professors tell us that there are only seven basic types of humor; college magazines use but sex.

—*Exchange*

(Ed. Note: But not the Parrot.)

Fresh to Co-ed: "I wouldn't take a back seat for any woman."

Co-ed: "You don't know what you are missing."—*The Battalion*

Politicosis

Continued from page 12

body. At some schools, class officers, heads of publications, and captains of the major sports are automatically members of their respective honoraries. At Northwestern, elections are timed wrong to catch class and publications elections.

The action of the Student Governing Board last spring was futile. It brought out conditions, but it will take more than a statement of the Board's to do any good about it. A mere decree cannot remove from these organizations their status as honoraries, for honoraries they are and honoraries they will continue to be, warped as they are from their original purpose. What is needed is vigorous action from *within* and it is from the men whose names have been announced at the Junior Prom and will be announced at the Interfraternity Sing and Deru elections in May that such leadership must arise. These men should realize that the honor to themselves comes from the calibre of the organization to which they belong and that a crust of respectability without any substance beneath it is an empty farce.



My wife is a human dynamo—everything on her is charged.



It costs so little to
PEP UP!

**AT
HOT
SPRINGS**

NATIONAL PARK, ARK.

There is nothing for that "all in" feeling like "pepping-up" at Hot Springs, Ark.... America's most famous spa. Health-giving waters. Every outdoor sport under a warm sun, golfing, tennis, horsebacking, hunting, fishing. Horse racing at Oaklawn Jockey Club from February 26th to March 30th.



**Through Service Daily via
ILLINOIS CENTRAL-
ROCK ISLAND**

Hot Springs Limited leaves Central Station, Chicago, 6:05 pm.



ONLY round trip from Chicago, 25-day limit. (Berth extra).
\$30¹⁵ 6 mo. limit \$38.25.



9-Day Tour—Finest accommodations. as low as
Go any day. Com- **\$67⁷⁰**
pletely arranged from Chicago. all-expense



Consult your travel agent or use coupon

J. V. LANIGAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
Illinois Central System
501 Central Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me complete information about Hot Springs.

- ☐ Rail fares and hotel information
☐ All-expense tours

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____ -1696



"Did you order our petit lunch, sir?"

RED Velvet

evening wear from New York. Miss Briggs, the head buyer, fingered and admired each frock as she took it from its wrappings.

"These will have to be pressed a bit," she said, setting aside two crumpled, blue formals. "How do you like this one? Isn't it a beauty?" She held up a flame-red velvet evening gown with long sleek sleeves and a tiny hood falling in soft folds from its neckline.

"Oh . . ." sighed Betsy, "My dress—it was made for me. Isn't it lovely? I'm going to hate to see it go out of the store." She touched the sheen of the velvety cloth and stroked the hood longingly. As she did so, the same strange, lifeless look came into her eyes that had been there, on and off, all that morning. No one had noticed her listlessness because she had made a great effort to put on a semblance of a smile. But she had noticed how slowly the hours had crawled by since her arrival at 9:30. For the first time since she had started work, the hours were going as slowly as they had in her Zoology class the previous June. That class had always seemed long because she was to meet Tom afterwards. That had been when they were both going to school and leading the happy-go-lucky life of college students.

She had minded just a little that fall when he had gone back to school and she had had to go to work in one of the local department stores. But it hadn't been awfully bad because they still saw each other at least three nights a week and his fraternity pin still hung next to her sorority pin. Her father had appreciated her giving up school and going to work in order to relieve him of borrowing more money for her rather futile education.

No, nothing had been so bad until last Saturday night when Tom complained about the store manager, Mr. Ross. Tom didn't like the idea of his hanging around Betsy and asking her to lunch so often. That had started everything and the previous night, in a fit of temper, Betsy had given Tom back his pin and haughtily ushered him out the door. She hadn't ever dreamed that such a thing could happen to her—but it had, and

Continued from page 11

the full realization had descended upon her after it was all over. Now life without Tom seemed unbearable but still she was on the job selling the beautiful clothes to the coeds in whose place she had been only a few months before.

It was winter formal season and all afternoon groups of excited girls had come in to select their dresses for the planned week-end parties. Everytime Betsy looked at the familiar saddle-shoes and fuzzy sweaters, she gulped a little bit harder. And when she saw a fraternity pin hanging next to a sorority pin, it was almost more than she could take.



"What did you want to see the doctor about?"

About four-thirty, two girls in the same familiar attire entered the department and started looking at the few formals on the models. One of the girls was a slim blonde who seemed to take charge of the situation. She answered to the name of Lorraine. The other was a demure, petite brunette with a very sweet and appealing smile. She followed her friend around as the two circled the department and finally dropped in to some overstuffed chairs. They fished out their cigarettes and waited patiently until Betsy had finished with her customer. Then she walked over to them, inquiring:

"And now what can I do for you?"

"We'd like a formal for Gwen,"

said Lorraine, nodding towards her companion.

"Yes," echoed Gwen. It was then that Betsy noticed that the quiet girl seemed unusually happy and sparkling. "Yes, I'd like a formal—something very unusual—a—a knockout. I wear a twelve." She stood up; Betsy mentally measured her height. "Maybe a blue?" She looked questioningly at Betsy.

"I'll show you what we have," said Betsy, and hurried off. Gwen shrugged her shoulders, uttered a little squeak of joy, and bounced back into the chair.

"Silly!" giggled Lorraine. "Is he that important?"

"What do you think?" asked Gwen, mentally seeing herself walking around campus with her arm in Tom's and going to all the formals with him. "Who knows," she said. "Maybe I'll wear his fraternity pin some day!"

Betsy returned with an armful of silks, satins, and one red velvet. She sent Gwen into a tiny booth from which she emerged every few minutes in a different dress, to parade before the big triple mirror. For each dress, she would say: "Oh that's lovely—that's the one," and Lorraine would say: "No—try on another one first."

Finally Gwen emerged in the red velvet with the long sleek sleeves and the tiny hood falling in folds from the neckline. Gwen, for the first time in her life, looked almost beautiful. Her dark hair glowed and her usually pale cheeks reflected the red of the cloth.

"Do you think that'll do the trick?" she asked, twisting and turning in order to view all angles of the lovely dress.

"Gwen," Lorraine almost screamed, losing all of her acquired sophistication. "Gwen—you're beautiful. It's beautiful! You'll slay him!"

"Do you really think he'll like me?" asked Gwen, her eyes on the image reflected in the mirror.

"Like you—he'll fall in love with you," cried Lorraine clapping her hands.

"You see," said Gwen, turning to Betsy who was patiently viewing the scene. "I'm to have my first date with the most wonderful boy on Saturday night and I want everything just right. He's a senior—and well

—you know!” She turned again to view herself in the mirror.

“You do look lovely in that dress,” said Betsy. “And I’m sure he’ll like you.” She almost caught some of the other girl’s enthusiasm and thought for a moment of her first date with Tom when she had worn the funny red hat he liked so well.

Gwen bought the red evening gown with the sleek sleeves and the little red hood, and ordered it sent to the dorm on the following day. Betsy wrote out the ticket and completed the day’s work with that sale, thinking to herself of how Tom would have liked that dress if she could have worn it to his fraternity formal that Saturday night. She hated to see someone else owning it, even though Gwen was such a nice girl. Then she wondered for a minute if Tom would go.

* * *

The following Sunday afternoon, Tom Remley stood at Betsy’s door, hat in hand, when she answered the ring. She hid her surprise and delight, and calmly asked him in.

“Betsy, I’m sorry,” said Tom. “I’ve been a rat and I’ve sure taken my medicine for the past week. I just couldn’t stand it any longer. So here I am.”

“Sit down, Tom,” said Betsy, feeling weak in the knees.

Tom said, “I made up my mind that I wouldn’t come back to patch things up—that I was right and I wouldn’t give in. I even went so far as to go to our winter formal last Saturday night.”

Betsy gasped but said nothing.

“Yes,” continued Tom. “I asked a girl on the *Daily* staff. She was kind of cute—name’s Gwen. But, Betsy, she wore red—a red dress that made me think of you and I just couldn’t stand it. I had a lousy time because it wasn’t you—and Betsy, it should have been. Please Bee, will you wear my fraternity pin again?”

It’s Coming!

**The
ORANGE
OSTRICH**

**in the
MARCH PARROT**



FRIEDL PFEIFER
Head of Sun Valley Ski School



Skiing conditions are perfect at Sun Valley during late winter and early spring. Long and short runs, covered with deep powder snow, provide thrilling sport for novice, intermediate and expert skiers. There are four chair ski-lifts, including the new lift on Baldy Mountain—11,544 feet in length.

From March 1st until April 10th, inclusive, a special low rate for Collegiate Skiers will be in effect. \$42.65, per week, will include accommodations in Skiers’ Chalet; all meals; daily ski lessons as scheduled by instructors; and unlimited use of ski-lifts.

Don’t miss these interesting events:

Sun Valley Ski Club Meet and Ice Carnival—Feb. 22.

Sun Valley Skating Club Carnival—Mar. 16.

Sun Valley Open (men and women) National Downhill, Slalom and Combined Championships—Mar. 22-23-24.

For reservations, write

W. P. ROGERS, General Manager
Sun Valley, Idaho



SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!



"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his damndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with mild Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

New!
CELLOPHANE
TAPE around lid
seals flavor in...
brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.

Tradition

years in succession.

Deeper in the New England states is found a large lake near the campus of Mt. Holyoke College for Women. Let him beware who dares to circle the lake three times with his lady love! According to tradition, he is sure to propose at the end of the third round.

Exclusively male, Trinity College has long had the custom of eliminating applause from the classroom. The students snap their fingers instead of clapping.

Harvard University is one of the few places left in the realm of education where green book-bags are still carried. The bags, made of dark green felt, were originally used by law students to transport the minor libraries which they were required to carry to class. Harvard grounds are called the "yard," not the campus. A Harvard undergrad may sometimes be seen standing in the middle of the yard, near the dorms, and shouting, "Rhinehart." Immediately a window opens and the shout comes back, "Come on up."

This custom originated with the habit of a young collegiate who spent most of his nights on a liquid diet in the dark Bostonian mazes. He would come back to the dormitory, stand outside, and yell lustily for his roommate who would come down and help him to bed. The roommate's name was Rhinehart. After awhile, Rhinehart was coming to the rescue of other midnite carousers. Although Rhinehart left the school, his name was still the Harvard man's cry for help. Even outside the college it is recognized by Harvard graduates. Gradually the call has come to mean, in the yard, the distress signal of a sociable lad who is searching for other sociables to enjoy a particularly sociable moment.

On down the coast in Durham, North Carolina, is the great university founded by Washington Duke. Cast in bronze, an image of the aged educator sits at one end of the girls' campus. If it is a football victory for Duke, Marse Jack, the old victory bell on the campus, is rung by the freshmen three times for every point scored. . . . Duke campus slang is practically tradition. For time unknown, they have been calling a jamboree infested with stags a "fast

Continued from page 9

dance." The "Dope Shop," the final resting place for allowances, is the corner drugstore. And a coed never forgets her "Duke Decorem" which frowns upon a girl who goes down town sans hat and wearing ankle socks.

Freshman hazing at Duke, at least the feminine angle of it, is concentrated in one hilarious twenty-four hours known as "Goon Day," when the freshmen girls "eat dirt" for the sophomores. In spite of wearing long flannel night gowns, pig tails, and no make-up, and proposing to fortunate (rather embarrassed) young men before the whole campus, Duke freshmen merrily survive the horrible ordeal while some disillusioned male suggests that it might be called the "Day of Enlightenment."

A particularly charming tradition is observed every year before the Christmas holidays at William and Mary College in Virginia. The Yulelog Ceremony is held in the great hall of the Wren Building which dates back to the founding of the school in 1693. Ashes of the last year's log are scattered in the fireplace and serve to ignite the new yulelog. Thus a continuous fire is kept burning from year to year. Then the boarshead is carried in, and groups in costume give the traditional Christmas folk dances of different countries. The Christmas proclamation from the president of the University is then read. To close the ceremony, the youngest boy in Williamsburg, whose father is connected with the school, pours wine over the yulelog to put out the fire. The ashes are gathered and saved until the next year.

. . . Of lighter vein is the custom in honor of Lord Bototourt's statue which stands by the walk leading to class buildings. The favorite governor of Virginia would undoubtedly turn over in his grave from the force of egotism if he could see freshmen girls curtsying low and freshmen tipping their hats as they pass his statue every morning.

State colleges as large as Ohio State University can seldom claim a tradition as impressive as the one observed there every Wednesday. Just before noon, Taps is blown from the large oval green which is the central point of the campus. Immediately the several thousand students

on the campus stop and face the center of the oval where stand the statues of the founders of the university. A boy removes his hat; in R.O.T.C. uniform he salutes; a girl simply stands at attention until the bugle call is over.

At Depauw is a bell rung by Sigma Chi freshmen after a victory.

Whether it be a Nassau Inn or a sweetheart serenade, every college has its own traditions, dear to those who are still in school, sacred to those who have graduated. Tradition and customs observed in the colleges of today have become the folklore of American education.

The ORANGE OSTRICH

See Page 23

The CLOTHES LINE

BY JEAN BARTELME

COME SPRING—come clean-up time—come spick-and-spanning—comes the time to do a wee bit o' brushing up for yerself! This means hair! Brush it 'til you feel that you won't have to wear a "Babuschka" on through the summer. There are many of you who wash your own and (this is a non-profit organization) we've found just the soap for you. It's been introduced by a kind lady by the name of Mary Imogene Shepherd. It's suds can only be compared with . . . well! It's not necessary to cook the little bar of soap either because it just sort of melts (just like that). Maybe it's magic! Anyway she has also come to the aid of ye gals with a remedy for your winter oat-mealish skin

(you know—chapped places?) Her Baby Skin Oil takes care of that scaliness . . . and if the appendages tend toward the same . . . it's the best we've seen yet.

Ask a man and he'll tell you (if he will) that a gal's hair and skin are the most important details in her grooming. The former must shine—and the latter mustn't. Don't say we didn't tell you.

Nails . . . keep 'em with the polish either on or off . . . one or the other . . . never a combination . . . there just isn't a happy combination. Revlon and Peggy Sage have been voted most popular and they have put some snappy new shades on the market.



Lipstick? We always recommend Elizabeth Arden! La Arden was voted the most outstanding lipstick by college girls all over the country in a recent poll so take their word as proof, girlsies. You use powder . . . don't try to kid us by saying you don't. The same old rules go . . . not too dark and not too light. You naturally change colors yourself during the year so change the color of your powder too and keep apace. Charles of the Ritz has delicious shades for different moods and things (we all get 'em). Fundamentally every female is a bit of a prima-donna and she likes to be dramatic. "Charles" is dramatic too . . . why not try him?

The point we want to stress, however, is not "war paint." We want you to be clean and smooth before you have any idea about applying said beauty aids.



That comes easily only after you are fundamentally clean and glowy. They will only show you off to advantage and make you look natural when you are perfect underneath it all. Anyway . . . Happy Semester and keep your face on straight!





Tail Feathers

It seems that one sunny spring morning a gentleman was leading a dragon down Park Avenue. Everything was going well and both seemed to be enjoying themselves. But suddenly the dragon started getting frisky, tugging at the leash, bumping into people, and running in circles, and making a general nuisance of himself. The gentleman did nothing for a while, then, losing patience, yanked the dragon near to him and said, "Look here, young fellow, if you're not careful I'll take a Bromo-Seltzer and get rid of you."

—Urchin

Student: "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof.: "I told you to write plainer."

—Urchin

Frosh: "What is the date, please?"

Prof.: "Never mind the date. The examination is more important."

Frosh: "But I wanted something right on my paper."

—Urchin

A lipstick is merely something to give new color to an old pastime.

—Drexler

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike.
Yet different somehow.
What difference?
Oh, yes. I see it now.
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

—Covered Wagon

Dear Tom:

Come tomorrow evening sure. Pappa is at home, but he is laid up with a very sore foot. See?

Mary

Dear Mary:

I can't come tomorrow evening. I'm laid up on account of your father's sore foot. See?

Tom

—Pell-Mell

SMOOTH

"What kind of oil do you use in your car?"

"Oh, I usually begin by telling them I'm lonely."

—Red Cat

Girls when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard
But now they have a bolder whim
They dress more like her cupboard.

—Battalion

Darling, would you like to marry a man with one eye?

Certainly not.

Then let me have the umbrella.

—Ranger

"What's happened, George?" the wife inquired as her husband got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he replied briefly.

"You should have been more careful," she said. "The guide book warned us there was a fork in the road at this point."

—Urchin

A wallflower these days is a girl that dances every dance.

Mamma: George, dear, come kiss your new governess.

George: No; I don't dare to, I'm afraid. Daddy kissed her yesterday and she slapped his face.

"I hope you're not afraid of microbes," apologized the pay-teller as he cashed the young instructor's check with soiled currency.

"Don't worry," replied the young man, "a microbe couldn't live on my salary."

—Battalion

Did you hear about the girl who went to a fancy ball in a suit of armor?

No, what happened to her?

Nothing.

—Pelican

DE GUSTIBUS

"She isn't good looking; she's a terrible dancer; she plays bridge best when she's the dummy; her figure would please only Barnum; in fact, she's a terrible mess, but she's my girl and I love her!"

"My girl isn't exactly a pauper, either."

—Pointer

Teacher: "Phrase the word kiss."

Pupil: "This word is a noun, but it is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me."

—Kitty-Kat



"Nice game, Jenkins!"

THE MEN'S STORE



MONROE AT WABASH

THE GORDON BRUCE SHOP

**For Young Men on the Way Up, Who
Look As If They Had Arrived**

suits at **\$25**



That you can pay a moderate price for your clothing and still achieve the difficult to define look of being well dressed, is proven by the clothing in our GORDON BRUCE SHOP. Take, as an example, the Shetland Suit we've shown above. . . . That suit, with its soft subdued tones and imported fabric will do credit to the chap wearing it, whether he's jumping to the boss' summons or escorting a young lady to an evening at the Drake. . . . Give him the polished appearance of an executive who's arrived for the moderate sum of \$25. Which incidentally he can pay in three installments by using our extended payment plan.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & Co.



Above—AN ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. A. B. Mize of North Carolina grew some of the finest tobacco he ever raised—thanks to U. S. Government methods.

Uncle Sam. TOBACCO EXPERT !

"U. S. Gov't methods have made tobacco better than ever . . . and Luckies buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent buyer.

Q. "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"

Mr. Walker: "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food . . . that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

Mr. W.: "The best in 300 years . . . even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

Mr. W.: "They sure do. That's why they're the 2-to-1 choice of independent experts—warehousemen, auctioneers, buyers. I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why . . .

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Have you
tried a
LUCKY
lately?

Copyright 1945, The American Tobacco Company